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There are three sorts of bees in every hive: the first are the laborious part, each of which has a trunk to assist him in the execution of his work, and a sting to defend him in case of an assault. The second sort are the drones, who are longer and larger than the former, and these have no stings. The third sort are not only much stronger and larger than the drones, but they have stings likewise, as well as the populace or common bees. It is, my dears, a received opinion, that there is but one supreme or sovereign bee in each hive, and that this sovereign of theirs is dignified and distinguished by the title of their queen.

The drone eats, and no one but himself reaps any advantage from it; he contributes nothing to the public stock, he is well provided for, he does no manner of work, nor even ranges round the fields; he takes a turn or two, indeed, now and then to air himself, and walks round the hive, without the least interruption. As
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he has no enemy to fear, so nature has given him no sting for his defence.

It is certain, my little dears, that such indolent creatures would not be suffered in a state so remarkable for industry as the bees are, if they were not reserved for some service or other. You know there are people who may be called drones, who do no kind of work, but depend upon other people for their bread.

At the approach of autumn, when it is foreseen that provisions will begin to grow scarce, the drones then get into disgrace, and are turned out of doors, as being a burthen to the commonwealth. It is in vain for the drones to attempt to be obstinate, and think of maintaining their station: they lay hold of their wings and shoulders, thrust them out, and harass and fatigue them. In short, they drive them all out, without the least favour or affection. Thus, my dears, you see what is the consequence of idleness.

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